Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou purſues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.
Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen! O earth! what elſe,
And ſhall I couple hell, O fie! hold, my heart,
And you my ſinnowes; grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoſt whiles memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All ſawe of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen.
O moſt prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine.
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue ſworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.

Mar. How i'ſt my noble Lord?
Hora. O, wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be ſecret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſineſſe and deſire ſhall point you,
For euery man hath buſineſſe and deſire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. The ſe are but wilde and whurling words my Lor-
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this viſion heere,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you,
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maiſter't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholliers, and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hora. What i'ſt my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night,
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſwear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.